



Long can we not be severed! I will follow
Through woods, through mountains,
waves, and caves made hollow!
O Grief! of griefs extremity the
worst! Still, will I follow! till I find
thee out!
And, if my wish, with travel, shall not
prove ;
Yet shall my sorrows travel round about
In wailful Elegies, and mournful Verse,
Until they find ! and Thee, with pity
pierce I Meanwhile, to see Thee more,
standing in doubt ;
I'll sing my Plain Song with the turtle
dove ;
And Prick Song, with the nightingale
rehearse!

ELEGY XV.



DEAR remembrance of my Lady's eyes.
In mind whose revolutions I revolve I
To you, mine heart's bright guide stars!
my Soul cries
Upon some happy Sentence to resolve,
A Sentence either of my life or death!
So bail me from the dungeon of Despair!
On you ! I cry, with interrupted breath,
On you ! and none but you ! to cross my
care. My care to cross, least I be crucified,
Above the patience of a human soul!
Do this ! ah this ! and still be glorified !
Do this ! and let eternities enrol